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Reading Room

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A PRAYER FOR MEN IN BUSINESS.

WE PLEAD with thee, O God, for our brothers who are pressed by the cares and beset with the temptations of business life. We acknowledge before thee our common guilt for the hardness and deceitfulness of industry and trade which lead us all into temptation and cause even the righteous to slip and fall. As long as man is set against man in the struggle for wealth, help the men in business to make their contest, as far as may be, a test of excellence, by which even the defeated may be spurred to better work. If any man is pitted against those who have forgotten fairness and honesty, help him to put his trust resolutely in the profitableness of sincerity and uprightness, and, if need be, to accept loss rather than follow on crooked paths.

Establish in unshaken fidelity all who hold in trust the savings of others. Since the wealth and welfare of our nation are controlled by our business men, cause them to realize that they serve not themselves alone, but hold high public functions, and do thou save them from betraying the interests of the many for their own enrichment, lest a new tyranny grow up in a land that is dedicated to freedom. Grant them far-sighted patriotism to subordinate their profits to the public weal, and a steadfast determination to transform the disorder of the present into the nobler and freer harmony of the future. May the Spirit, O God, which is ceaselessly pleading within us, prevail at last to bring our business life under Christ's law of service so that all who share in the processes of factory and trade may grow up into that high consciousness of a divine calling which blesses those who are the free servants of God and the people and who consciously devote their strength to the common good. —From "Prayers of the Social Awakening," by Walter Rauschenbusch.

PACIFIC

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FOR SAN FRANCISCO AND THE PACIFIC COAST.

It is expected that the coming to San Francisco of the International Sunday School Association for its Thirteenth Triennial Convention next June will prove of great good to San Francisco, to California, and to the whole Pacific Coast.

At a lunch given Monday at the St. Francis Hotel by W. N. Hartshorn, of Boston, chairman of the executive committee of the Association, to 165 ministers in this part of California, considerable inspiration was implanted by what Mr. Hartshorn and Secretary Lawrence had to say.

The aim of these leaders was also to get such counsel and suggestion as would enable them to so plan the convention as to make it meet the best needs of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast. They regard the Pacific Coast as one of the greatest of the world's battle-grounds. Situated as we are to the Orient, of late opening up to a world-wide consciousness, we were told that we here are fighting for all America, and that the disposition is to give us all possible aid.

Therefore the International Sunday School Association plans to introduce into our life for one week next June, from the 20th to the 27th, 2,500 chosen delegates and several thousand visitors from among the best people the country holds, and so help to give the Coast such a religious and moral inspiration and uplift that some of our battles will be speedily won, and many others be pushed far on toward the winning goal.

The meeting last Monday was asked by the genial and generous host to name some of the persons from other lands and from the East whose presence would be most helpful, and these names were heard: J. H. Jowett, Campbell Morgan, F. B. Meyer, George Adam Smith, Mott, Speer, and Studd.

When suggestions were asked as to persons to appear on the program from the Pacific Coast, such names as the following were heard: Bishop Hughes, Robert Burdett, C. R. Brown, F. J. Van Horn, W. H. Day, Bishop Bell, Rader, Goodspeed, Matthews, Locke, Clampett, Dille, Walker, Vosburgh, Bishop Nichols, and President Blaisdell.

We know that we voice the wish of many a reader of The Pacific when we express the hope that it will be possible to bring here either J. H. Jowett or Campbell Morgan of London. We have not been informed as to the possibilities of securing either, but we see by the British Weekly that Dr. Morgan is to visit India next year, going thither in November with the intent of being absent from London about six months. His principal work in India will be lecturing to students in Calcutta and the giving of considerable time to personal intercourse with young men.

Though Dr. Jowett has never been on the Pacific Coast, the hearts of many who know him through what he has published go out to him as thoroughly as to Dr. Morgan.

It is as Secretary Lawrence said last Monday to the assembled ministers, "There is only one thing in the world you can make a man out of, and that is a boy." And so, the boys must be won. We need manhood on the coast—the best, the highest kind of manhood, and womanhood, too.

In order that we may best get in the way to have more of it the coming of the International Sunday School convention will be welcomed widely, for there is a wide-spread feeling that it will help greatly in the efforts being put forth to build here those safeguards which will make it easier for people to walk in the way of righteousness.

"Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WOMEN OF WASHINGTON.

The women of the State of Washington are not to have the privilege of voting at any elections to be held this year, the registration books having been closed before the issuance of the proclamation of the governor which put in force the recent constituional amendment granting the franchise. We had been hoping that they would have this right in time to vote in the election for the recall of Mayor Gill, and that the result would be the piling up of a big majority for municipal righteousness in Seattle. But perhaps it is better as it is. There will be more time for thought and for education in politics. It is as one of the leaders remarked just after victory had been theirs on the 8th of November, "We must think now." Yes, the women of Washington will need to think very earnestly now that this great responsibility has come to them. It has been asserted often that conditions have not been changed very much, if any, for the better by the granting of the franchise to women in those states in which they have exercised it for some time. We are looking for good things to result from this right in Washington. The state has an exceptionally fine class of people—keen in the discernment of right, and with a disposition to do the right.

It is to be hoped that the women of Washington realize that the eyes of the nation are upon them as never before.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune." The women of Washington have it in their power now not only to make life in that state cleaner but to give such an object lesson to the whole nation that equal suffrage will come ere many years all over our land. Let the kingdom begin to come down a little more out of heaven upon the earth in that part of it known as Washington, and so its advance over all the earth be more loudly heralded!

FEDERATION OF WORK AMONG THE ORIENTALS NEEDED.

It is a growing conviction of missionaries and those interested in missions, that the attempt to foist upon Oriental Christians the divisions of Occidental Christianity is unwise. When a Hindu gravely asserts that he is a Scotch Presbyterian, the absurdity of the situation is apparent. Nothing was more strongly emphasized at the Edinburgh Conference than the fundamental unity of all true believers, and the principle of all federation in all missionary effort, a principle already carried out with notable success in evangelistic and educational work in India and China.

Such federation has also been attempted in the home missionary activities of our own country. Under the Home Missions Council, much has been done toward the division of the field of home missions and the elimination of waste in the organization of churches in new territory. In addition, all Christian work among the American Indians has been federated, and plans been formulated for similar co-operative work among the negroes. In this federation work, the secretaries of the American Missionary Association are taking a large share, and have been entrusted with important responsibilities in the Home Missions Council.

The work for Orientals on the Pacific Coast, however, seems to have been overlooked in this movement. The number and variety of mission schools for the Chinese and Japanese in the Bay Cities is noticeable. We see the anomaly of a "Cumberland" Presbyterian church for the Chinese and a "Southern" Methodist church for the Japanese, and wonder what significance such prefixes can have for the Oriental. A group of teachers in the Chinese mission schools of San Francisco of the various denominations, meet monthly to discuss their work; but aside from this, little seems to have been done toward recognizing the common interest of all the churches in this work, and planning for mutual helpfullness. Many recognize that more or less of wasteful and unintelligent work is being done; and the time seems opportune for such a federation of work for Orientals as shall strengthen the best efforts of each denomination, and make them more effective through a comparison of methods and an adjustment of local responsibilities.

Meanwhile the Chinese and Japanese have gone ahead of us in this direction. The Chinese Christians publish a union magazine which they have called in English "The **Radiator,**" and have a ministers' union, which conducts union street meetings. The Japanese Christians have just begun the publication of a union magazine, which they call in English, **"The New Heaven and the New Earth."** They have organized the Japanese Evangelical Alliance for mutual helpfulness among the churches, and have a Japanese Y. M. C. A. in San Francisco.

As we received Christianity first from the East, may we not properly expect to learn something yet from the development of Oriental Christianity?

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Sunday School attendance in the Episcopal Church has not increased during the last fifteen years. The Church has grown, but the Sunday Schools have not. Bishop Anderson thinks there is too much preaching and too little teaching.

The recent religious census shows foreign faiths in the United States with considerable strength. There is a Confucian society in New York, and one in California. Buddhism claims its followers in America among Chinese, Japanese, and East Indians, and there are listed sixty-two Chinese and twelve Japanese temples most of them in California. Hinduism is represented by the Vedanto society, with organizations in New York, Pittsberg, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. Oriental Theosophists have four organizations with 2,336 members in the United States. Babism, the reformed Mohammedanism of Persia, and Bahaism, another offshoot from Islam, both claim followers, not only among foreigners, but among Americans. In 1906 there were 1,280 Bahaists in the United States, with twenty-four places of worship.

An able physician writes on the vegetarian diet: "I am no bigot on the question of diet, and even look with favour upon the lucky man who is able to subsist without the use of animal, i. e., flesh food; but it is absolutely certain that no man can live, and work, on diet consisting of fruits, vegetables and cereals, with an occasional glass of milk. If a man must be a vegetarian—and in my experience vegetarians suffer more from dyspepsia than any other class of food reformers—then he must include such articles as nuts, and, unless he is a veritable bigot, eggs, milk, and cheese in his diet list. In other words, although we derive our energy and heat from cereal and fatty foods, we must have a sufficiency of albuminous or protein foods to repair the waste of our tissues and keep up the tabernacle. For mixed feeders these are to be found most satisfactorily in the flesh of animals, with eggs, cheese, and milk. For rigid vegetarians nuts and legumes, i. e., peas, beans, and lentils, are available, while for lacto-vegetarians all the substances mentioned, excepting the flesh of animals, are available. It is impossible to make bricks without straw, and one cannot build up one's vital tissues without protein."

There are not less than 5,000 Hindus in California. There has been a large increase the last year in these arrivals. The California Christian Advocate suggests missionary work among them, saying in that connection: "The development of a few good Hindu missionaries in the atmosphere of Christian civilization would be a valuable asset to our work in India. One of the difficult things in missionary work is to develop leaders who have the virility, the stamina, the spirit of aggressiveness of Western life and at the same time understand the slow pulsations of the Oriental nature. Our missionaries have to spend many years in getting hold of the Oriental ways of thinking and feeling about things religious. The high percentage of dreary dreams in the thinking of the Hindus make them appear to Americans far more stupid than they really are. It is hard work to differentiate those Hindu immigrants coming into San Francisco from ghosts. We are not experts on ghosts, but these long spider-legged, thinly clad, with forty yards of calico wound around their heads, carrying their frying pans, stew kettles, rice pots dangling about their bare legs, certainly give one the feeling that at least they are half shadows. What a problem, even from a physical standpoint, to get these Hindus to quit folding themselves up like a jack knife and sit on a chair instead of on their heels! We suppose that the unwinding of the turban and the crowning of their heads with an American hat is comparatively a simple thing compared with the unwinding of their religious prejudices and social castes. No matter how great the difficulties and how deep and intricate the tangle of religious ideas the duty of the Church is clear. The deeper the need,

the more helpless and weak the victims the more imperative the call to the Church. If work is to be opened among these Hindus it is far beter to begin the work before they become hardened to the evils of our civilization. The best side of Christian civilization should be interpreted to them. If possible at least one missionary should be sent to these Pacific Coast Hindu immigrants."

PLANS TO PREACH THE GOSPEL TO A CONGREGATION OF AN HUNDRED THOUSAND PEOPLE.

The Prayers of a Christian Mother to be Answered.

"The Brotherhood Publishing House" is what the Church of the Disciples of Christ, also called "Christian," lovingly terms the printing and publishing business which Mr. R. A. Long, a member of that church, purchased not long ago to give to the denomination. Years ago it was the wish and prayer of Mr. Long's mother that he become a preacher of the gospel. Writing recently concerning this he said:

"Most men desire to respond to the wishes of a prayerful mother, and it has been the aim of my life that I might realize her hope indirectly as far as I could, not having done so directly.

"My dream as a boy was to become the possessor of great wealth. I took great pleasure in building these air-castles. And much more of wealth has dropped into my treasure-box than I had ever dreamed would come; and much more of happiness than I ever imagined would be possible has come from the distribution of it.

"A few years ago many of our people became convinced that it was necessary for us to have a brotherhood publishing house. I was appointed on a committee to investigate the matter. As I thought more and more of the proposition, remembering always the prayers of my mother, I concluded that through this medium I could accomplish more toward their realization than I could in any other way. For all the interests of the church are dependent upon the press for their promotion, and the church paper publishes the gospel more widely than any individual minister can make it known."

Looking around, Mr. Long found that the stock of the Christian Publishing Company of St. Louis, could be purchased for $129,000, and that the previous year the profits of the business had amounted to $18,000. He purchased the business with the intent at first of turning it over at once to the denomination if for five years an interest of four per cent should be paid him. This he explained as follows: "In my business I have had to make large investments and borrow considerable sums at the banks. I have spent my wealth faster than it has come to me. I felt that I could not buy the publishing company and give it outright to the brotherhood, unless for the period of five years I should be paid four per cent per annum on this investment."

Later Mr. Long concluded to give the business for a time some personal attention, to put it where it can take as high rank as the business to which he has given himself for many years, and then turn it over to the denomination. As to this he says to his church people: "To put it there is going to take, in a very few years, an expenditure equal to the purchase price. I do not want you to accept it now, but after it is fully developed, I will be ready, at such time as you may decide, should you so decide, to turn it over to ou, without the repayment of either interest or principal. It is my thought that then the earnings that can be spared from the promotion of the business shall be turned over to some of the benevolent or missionary societies to be decided upon by the board of directors."

In this way he is hoping that the prayers of his mother will have large answer and that in a few years he will through the church publication be preaching the gospel each week to not less than an hundred thousand people.

It is worthy of note that this large-hearted and benevolent laymen lets his vision extend from the East to the Pacific Coast and includes in his plans The Pacific Christian, published in San Francisco. He sees the need here on the Pacific Coast for well established Christian journalism, and so a great opportunity for usefulness in the advancement of God's kingdom upon the earth.

"AGAINST THE CURRENT."

A New Book by Professor Steiner of Grinnell College.

In these chapters from a complex life Dr. Steiner, whose books "On the Trail of the Immigrant," and "The Immigrant Tide and Flow," have had wide reading, gives graphic pictures of some of the experiences and influences which have shaped his life. He says in a concluding chapter: "I have not written an autobiography or desired to write one; nor have I written a bit of purposeful fiction. I have honestly recorded certain influences which shaped the life of a child until youth, and I leave all deductions to my patient readers." However he points out in which direction the most valuable lessons of his experience lie. They are: "That racial characteristics are largely determined by environment; that race prejudice is an artificial product of the mind, induced by various influences; that in the highest and lowest spheres of thought and activity all races are alike; that every human being, no matter what his color, race, faith or class, has a right to earn the respect of his neighbor and his community by virtue of what he himself is; that the brotherhood of man will become an established fact as soon as each man determines to live like a brother in his relations to his fellows; that Christianity has in its spirit the solution of class and race problems, but that in its practice it is lamentably far from solving them; that he who wishes to enter into fellowship with the nation or race with which he lives must free himself from all isolating practices and beliefs; that entrance into such a large human relationship has to be 'bought with a price,' and that it is a price worth paying, for there is no loftier human experience than that of becoming one with mankind."

In one of the chapters Professor Steiner tells of a pilgrimage to Russia to see Tolstoy, wishing to see the man who taught religion in terms which he understood and which he thought he could accept and practice. After telling Tolstoy frankly all that had brought him on the pilgrimage to him, he found that the remedy for his ills was disappointingly simple—that the remedy for the greatest of the world's ills was in himself. Said Tolstoy: "Do not repay evil for evil." "Do not hate anybody." "Maintain the dignity of your own personality." "Love everybody, even your enemies." "Give everything and ask nothing in return." When Steiner asked, "Am I to set the world right?" Tolstoy replied, "Not the world, but yourself." To the question, "How shall I know that I am right?" the an-

swer was, "By living in obedience to the law of God." Steiner says that he left Tolstoy with less faith in the materialistic philosophy with which he had become inoculated and with more of the touch of the power of the spiritual than ever before. It was comforting to hear Tolstoy say as he grasped his arm so tightly that he could feel the pulsing blood in his sensitive hands, "You are a Jew, you say; I am a Russian, yet I feel no difference in the touch of your hands, see none in the look of your eyes, and hear none as you speak to me. There are differences in the color of the skin, the shape of the nose and eyes, but beneath the surface we are all alike."

Dr. Steiner adds: "To me this oneness of all men has become a conviction, the one religious doctrine which I hold with a scientific dogmatism, for I know Chinamen whose slanting eyes do not prevent them from seeing the world just as I see it; Hindoos who, removed from their imprisoning system of caste, take this human view of man. I have met Japanese the travail of whose soul is akin to mine, and Negroes whose souls are so white that one might envy them their purity. Knowing every shade of Slav, Teuton, and Latin, the Negro and Semitic peoples, I have found them all alike at their best and at their worst. Dissimilar they are in their various environments, reflecting all the differences of climate, food, religion and government; but let them climb the heights to which the soul aspires or let them sink to the level to which fleshly lusts drags them, and they are brother angels or brother brutes." Emphasizing the initial lesson which he learned from Tolstoy, and the **hardest**—"Give everything and ask nothing in return," Steiner says: "I have ceased to demand brotherhood or even to expect it. I am giving it, though it is often hard."

But ever before him stand Tolstoy's words: "Young man, you can't make the world right unless **you** are right." "The kingdom of God must be within **you** if you want to hasten its coming into the world."

Quite pathetic is the story of some of Professor Steiner's experiences in his earlier years—and the narrative throughout is fascinating. At one time an old townsman who had lived for many years in the United States and who had served as a soldier in our civil war came back to his native land, and told the boy of Abraham Lincoln's life and work, and read and translated to him "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Dr. Steiner says: "I have never forgotten a single incident in that vivid story. So thoroughly was I imbued by its spirit that I gathered a group of boys to whom I preached my first revolutionary sermon. I pictured to them the sufferings of our poor and the harshness of our government as typified by the vicious judge and the cruel and venal police. I tried to exact an oath from the boys to help me free these peasant slaves and if necessary fight the judge and the police. Fortunately for the government my classmates would not enthuse; instead they told the teacher who tried to whip my revolutionary ideas out of me, and when I reached home, almost too sore to walk, I found great comfort in looking into the sad face of Abraham Lincoln, my patron saint and the inspirer of my passion for the common people."

In a chapter entitled "The child on the Battlefield" we are introduced to some of the tragedy of life in those lands where proscription to military service is the custom and where wars are frequent. A brother just budding into manhood was summoned to serve in the infantry of the Hungarian king. "Mother cried all day, we children wept with her and my brother walked up and down in his bright uniform manfully trying to keep back his own tears." Bravely the lad went away to war, in a few days the mother and brother identified his lifeless body on the battlefield by the ring she had taken from her dead husband and had put on his finger. Steiner writes: "The experience of that day aged my mother and aged me. I felt enraged by what I saw. I knew that a great wrong was being practiced against the children of men, a wrong which must be righted; above all, I had seen Slav, Magyar, Jew and Gentile, one in death, so much alike that a Jewish mother scarcely knew her own child; my wise mother talked it all over with me. 'Yes, my boy, we are all made of the same clay and I believe we have the same spirit in us, no matter what our race or faith.' 'Then, mother,' I said, 'if we are all alike, why do we hate each other and kill each other?' But she was not wise enough to answer that question."

Writing of the synagogue, Professor Steiner says: "I have no quarrel with the synagogue except this—that it never revealed to me the **riches** of Judaism. It showed me its beggarly edge, its vulnerable trivialities, its pathetic pharisaism and its absurd worship of the letter. That Israel had a mission to the world I never knew; that Moses and the prophets were names of which the world took connizance I never heard; that the Catholic and the Protestant were feeding from the same spiritual sources which fed us was hidden from me, and that we all had 'one Father' was never revealed to me. I surmised all this in my boyish way and I searched for that very thing—through many painful years; but when I discovered it, I had left the synagogue behind me and there is no way back."

Perhaps some reader of this article asks, "Why there is no way back?" Steiner gives the answer on another page of his book from that on which these words first occur. It is: "When one meets Jesus of Nazareth there is no way back; there are new marching orders, and they call 'Forward.' "

He says just before this: "I cannot give up the name 'Christian;' I cannot return to Judaism, although it betray weakness or even cowardice, I feel myself born again, and I cannot undo so vital an experience unless I am overwhelmed by some great moral catastrophe.

"Christianity is to me the real internationalism in which all the races and nations are one or are growing into oneness. In it the individual casts off that which is specific to his race; he becomes one with all men, and therefore one with the divine in them. In this experience he rids himself of those great sins, prejudice and pride of race, and receives the blessing in store for those who believe and practice the teachings of the **Son of Man.**"

Here is a paragraph in Professor Steiner's book which thrills us as we read it: "I have long been protesting by voice and pen against the catogoric judgment passed upon races and feel keenly for the child whether it is called in derision, 'Nigger,' 'Sheeny' or 'Dago.' In the steerage, the mine and on the playground, I have stood between the bully and his victim, never asking which was Jew or which Gentile, and have tried to defend every 'underdog,' no matter what his pedigree. I count my friends among all races and classes, those nearest and dearest to me often being racially and historically farthest removed. A classmate with whom I could discuss the problems of Hebrew grammar most profitably was a full-blooded Negro, and at a recent student conference I found a Chinaman of a certain group most responsive to my proffer of friendship."

This book, which has laid strong hold of us as we have turned its pages, and some of the good things of which we have tried to give here to the readers of The Pacific, is published by the Fleming H. Revell Company of New York for $1.25 net.

WHY ONE JAPANESE IS A CHRISTIAN.

Rev. Nootkatsu Kubushiro,

Pastor Japanese Congregational Church, Seattle.

Why one Japanese is a Christian? It is not a question, "Why one Japanese has become a Christian?" but it is a testimony of the contents of my Christian consciousness full grown.

It is a more difficult task to implant the Christian religion in such a country as Japan, in the forms of traditional and doctrinal Christianty, than in Europe and in America. There are, in Japan, several religions deeply embodied in the life of the people: Confucianism, the grand moral system of the King; Buddhism, the religion of Gotama. And people are nourished on it from childhood, and they breathe in its atmosphere. It has already become their life-blood. So it cannot be discarded without killing the race.

Then why am I a Christian, not a Buddhist, or any other? Is it because that I believe Christianity as "The Absolute Religion," and discarded entirely other religions as heathen and devil's work? Suppose my Buddhist's friend comes to me and asks, "Is not the personality of Gotama greater than the personality of Christ?" Can I persuade and convince him by simply insisting Christianity as "the absolute religion"?

If I do so, ne, too, may stand on the same ground and entirely discard Christianity as heathen and heretic. There is no religious value established between us.

But can I not go deeper and meet Confucianism and Buddhism face to face and argue, "This is the reason why Christ is the highest personal revelation of God?" Can I not apply the method of comparative religion also to Christianity and treat it as a "positive religion," instead of "the absolute religion"? The usefulness and the value of Christian religion can only be established in this way, in such a country as Japan.

Why am I a Christian, not a Buddh'st? Because Christ taught me the value and the truth of personality. I already believed in God; but Christ taught me the personality of God as Father. I already believed in man; but Christ taught me the personality of man as brother. I already believed in Holy Spirit; but Christ taught me the spiritual communication of God and me in personal life.

Furthermore, Christ taught me how to meet the great problem of evil. I knew how to acquire a religious peace and calmness of soul by cultivating a certain metaphysical, mystical view of life or by fleeing from the world; but Christ taught me what personality is, the overcoming personality against evil, and that the existence of evil "is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby." Religious peace and calmness of soul can only be acquired by full satisfaction of the power of personality in social and individual life.

Let me prove it from the history of the last forty years. Japan's contact with the western world has been Japan's contact with the Christian civilization. What has she got from it? Politically—establishment of the constitutional government, opening of the Imperial Diet, rise of political parties; and socially—temperance and various social reform movements, systematic benevolence works; and morally and religiously—deep consciousness of sin in human heart which is not yet fully recognized either in Buddhism or in Confucianism. All such recognizes the value of personality. These are the fruits they already have got from the influence of the Christian civilization.

But is this the total and entire Christianity that owns me, and also that fits the demands of Japan's life? I think, this is only one side of Christianity; there is another side which has long been the working life in the Christian churches; that is, **the life of gratitude and thanksgiving, to answer God's grace and His redeeming love.**

Let us consider this problem from the side of Japan's own life. Such men as Dr. Kikuchi, the president of the Imperial University of Kyoto, who has visited Seattle several months ago, says, "Japan does not need Christianity." I believe, there is a great reason in such statement; not because Japan has no demand and appetite for the Christian religion, but because she has too much of it and does not need any foreign introduction. It is not because Japan's life is far from the Christian's life; but because Japan's life is too close to it.

Then, what has been Japan's own life? It has been the life of thanksgiving and gratitude. The thanksgiving is the ground of moral life in Japan. It is so in Bushido. Loyalty stands upon gratitude; filialty stand upon gratitude.

Let us, next, come to Christianity and consider it. The whole Bible ends in this benediction, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen." As it is the end of Scripture, it ought to be the end of the Christian life. The end of Christian life must be thanksgiving and gratitude for the grace of God and Christ.

Then you will perhaps say, "Why do you not accept Christianity at once?" My answer simply it this, that Christianity is misunderstood to have come to destroy the national spirit, instead of fulfilling it. This is because Christianity was brought in dressed too much in dogmas and doctrines, which no intelligent people could easily understand, and does not show life itself. Christianity teaches the old doctrine of Revelation; therefore, it is thought, there is nothing in common between their own national and moral life and God of Christianity. The natural tendency, on the part of the Japanese, is to believe in the universal revelation; in nature, in history, in family and in country.

Therefore, the future problem of Christianity rests in this: If it clearly teaches to the people that, in the family, the redemptive spirit of father and mother and the filiality of children; and that in the country, the redemptive spirit of government and the loyalty of people are the real heart of the universe and the revelation of God himself, which Christ revealed us in his noble life, then Japan's own life may much more be closely connected to the central principle of Christianity than that of Europe and America. Both Japan's loyalty and filialty stops short in human relations, and does not reach over to the presence of the personal God. Therefore, I conclude that if, once, Japan's own life of thanksgiving and gratitude, fully recogn'zes the facts of God's grace and love, and Christ's redemptive heart, it will contribute to the full-orbed Christianity, which will include the active side of personal life.

ONE CHURCH FOR WHOLE TOWN.

Proctor, Vermont, Has the Real Thing in a Union Church.

In the village of Proctor, Rutland county, Vt., the problem of church unity has been practically solved. Previous to its organization there had been no Protestant church in Proctor. There had been a chapel in which had been held Sunday-school services for Protestants, but in 1889 the chapel burned and the people faced the question of rebuilding.

They felt that the time had come for a church organization, and the question arose as to whether they should separate and seek to build up Methodist and Congregational

churches, those two denominations comprising the larger part of the communicants, or unite organically.

Having worked together harmoniously in the Sunday-school they decided to attempt a real union church. That church was organized, has been in exitsence ever since, has been supplied by clergymen of both denominations and was never so harmonious, united and aggressive as it is today.

There is a modern church edifice built of marble valued at $35,000, and plans are now under way for the building of a parish house, for which a fund has been raised. The church polity is independent and undenominational.

The financial organization is an incorporated body whose membership includes some who are not members of the church. The regular business of the society is done through a board of six stewards, perpetuating a title and an office peculiar to Methodism. Thus there is a perfect blending of Methodist and Congregational methods in the governing board.

Proctor is a cosmopolitan village and there is in consequence a gathering of nationalities like that in Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost. These people come from the uttermost parts of the earth, and that they are influenced by this model church is seen in the fact that in the membership are to be found English, Welsh, Manxmen, Hungarians, Swedes, Germans and Spaniards, besides native born Americans. Yet they live together in unity. The Sunday-school enrolls, besides those already mentioned, Italians, Poles and Finlanders, and the parish includes, with this heterogeneous aggregation, Norwegians, Bohemians and doubtless other nationalities.—Suburban Life.

ALL BECAUSE OF AN EMPTY NOTEBOOK.

By W. N. Burr.

The Notebook is empty this week, but what of that? There is always something to write about. One has only to look out the window for material. Dame Nature is never asleep. She is more to be depended upon to have open doors than any "all day and all night" bank, and her doings are worth recording. If only the recorder can be found who has eyes to see and a heart to interpret her activities!

Walter Bagehot remarks, in his essay on Gibbon: "Whatever may be the uses of this sort of composition in itself and abstractedly, it is certainly of great use relatively and to literary men. Consider the position of a man of that species. He sits beside a library fire, with nice, white paper, a good pen, a capital style, every means of saying everything, but nothing to say; of course he is an able man—but still one cannot always have original ideas. Every day cannot be an era—and how dull it is to make it your business to write, to stay by yourself in a room to write, and then to have nothing to say! What a gain if something would happen! Then one could describe it. Something has happened, and that something is history. Perhaps when a Visigoth broke a head, he thought that that was all. Not so, he was making history; Gibbon has written it down."

And so one can look out the window any day and watch the incipient movements of history-making, or see tragedy plays or comedy plays, or that which shall turn his thought into the ways of philosophy, or of fiction that is almost as strange as truth, and—have something to write about! All out-doors is a perennial notebook, and all one needs to do to "fill his column' is to write up the jottings prepared for him. And perhaps that is the only notebook he ought ever to make use of. John Burroughs says: "I rarely take any notes, and I have a very poor memory, but rely upon the affinity of my mind for a certain order of truths or observations. What is mine will stick to me, and what is not will drop off." And it was Austin Pheips who wrote: "By far the major portion of every man's thinking is fragmentary. The best thinking of some men is so. They are seers of transient and disconnected vision. An educated man who practices literary frugality in preserving the ideas suggested by his reading, will find, after years of professional service an accummulation of them, in which he will recognize some of the most robust products of his brain. Some of them will affect him with a sense of loss, because he has not been able to amplify them in monograph or volume."

Mr. Burroughs rarely uses the ordinary notebook. By just what **means** Prof. Phelps "practiced literary frugality in preserving the ideas suggested by his reading" he does not tell us; but we may readily infer that he did use the notebook, and that he used it very freely; for has he not given us a volume of which he wrote in the preface, "these thoughts are offered to readers for just what they are—'Fragments from my notebook?' "

But to the window: It is a gray day out of doors, not a rift anywhere in the blanketed sky to let a shaft of sunshine through. The back ranges of mountains are blanketed, too, wholly hidden from sight, while the nearer ranks present an unusually dark front behind a veiling of hill-blue. The name of the Spirit that dominates the out-door world today is Chill, not strong, forceful, powerful Cold, but just one of Cold's little children—Chill. But he shows his parentage—this persistent, penetrating, plucky little Spirit—for every beast and every human that ventures forth feels the prick of his spur or the flick of his lash. The horses go by with heads up and ears forward, and "go" in every motion, while every man-driver sits up straight, as if rejoicing in an unwonted tingle of red blood in his veins. And the youngsters over on the school grounds! they are always a lively set, no matter what the weather; but today they seem to be putting extra vigor into their ball playing and their good natured pommellings of one another. I wonder if they are making any history over there—those sturdy, health-filled country children? Why not? Are they not just as likely to be doing something worth preserving in the annals, as any Western Goth that ever cracked the head of a Roman forumite? O, you blessed country youngsters! with the air of the mountains in your lungs, and the sweep of a rich, rugged landscape before your eyes every day, how can you fail to absorb life's noblest ideals, and go out into the big world to become worthy history-makers, every one of you!

Ah! there is a little break in the dense gray up yonder, revealing a patch of blue frayed at the edges. The wonders of the heavens are not monopolized by "starry night." "Day unto day uttereth speech" up there, as well. Cloud and sky may not be quite such wonderful creations as "the shifting groups of stars," but the cloud and sky of the day-time hours has place in the divine handiwork that the firmament showeth. Says Sir Fowell Buxton: "A man must preach very well indeed before he conveys such a lesson of the greatness of God and the unworthiness of man, as a view of the heavens discloses;" and he might have added: the day-time heavens, as well as the firmament at night, when

> "—the great celestial army,
> Stretching far beyond the poles,
> Becomes the eternal symbol
> Of the mighty march of souls."

Two men met a few moments ago out yonder on the

highway, and they have stopped out there in the chill air for a "talk." Perhaps it is just a neighborly chat in which they are indulging; perhaps it is some community interest that holds them there; it may be politics; and it might be religion, but I am inclined to doubt that it is, let us hope that they are getting a little better acquainted with each other than ever they have been before. Perhaps that is to be one of the blessed issues of this gray day—two neighbors who, had the sun been shining and the skies been all clear, might have set out in the opposite directions, have changed their plans and come face to face out there on the roadway that they might each get a deeper view into the real life of the other, and from this gray day forward "know each other better." And I sit here looking on, a fact of which they must be wholly unconscious, with my finger on a sociological button which, if I press, will anything come of it? The words of that earnest hearted negro leader, Dr. DuBois, come to mind: "Herein lies the tragedy of the age; not that men are poor, all men know something of poverty. Not that men are wicked; who is good? Not that men are ignorant; what is truth? Nay, but that men know so little of each other."

The hours of the day have been slipping by as I have busied myself here and there, returning to my window as I have had opportunity, to catch whatever picture might present itself; and now, in mid-afternoon the gray cloud-blanket is torn to shreds, and the sky is blue, and the sun shines fair, and there seems to be more light everywhere than the morning hours gave us.

The world of affairs has its gray days, but we have every assurance that the break will come sooner or later, when the purpose of the clouds shall have been worked out, and the fuller light shall come streaming in. "Even lightning from thunder clouds is light," somebody has said.

The gray that hung over us all through the forenoon is almost gone now—perhaps not exactly self-torn and self-scattered; and yet there is something in the fact of its disappearance, the blue sky and the sunlight greeting us instead, that calls to mind a message of encouragement from Austin Phelps' "notebook:"

"Wrong dies by its own hand. In the destiny of false religions the same law holds good. Superstitions die suicidally. Even a bad conscience revolts from its own excesses. Heathen religions are not destroyed by the philosophies which grow up by their side. They die of their own corruptions. Christianity achieves its most brilliant successes by taking possession of the vacancies which such destructions leave behind them."

The gray day has its mission. Its mouth is filled with messages. This is true of every day that comes, whether the sun shines in a cloudless sky, or the rain falls in a fierce storm. Blessed are the eyes that see, the ears that hear, the hearts that understand the teaching of the days.

Emerson gives us the reverse picture:

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

La Canada, California.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

"Closet and Altar." By Isaac Ogden Rankin. This dainty little volume is a book of prayers for every day in the month—for private devotion and family worship. In addition to the prayers for every day of the month there are general morning and evening prayers, and also a few special prayers. The book ought to be widely helpful. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 25 cents net.)

"A Blue-Stocking in India." By Winifred Heston, M. D. A very readable book! Somewhat after the style of "The Lady of the Decoration." It gives vivid pictures of life as it is in India, with such humor and lightness as to savor not at all of the blue-stocking characteristics. The author says in a foreword: "These letters afford so personal a glimpse into a certain phase of life and work in a particular mission field that in presenting them to the public it is deemed wise by the writer to change the names of the persons and places most concerned." (F. H. Revell Co., New York, $1 net)

"Congregationalism." By Charles E. Jefferson. The Rev. Dr. Jefferson of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, makes a fine presentation of Congregationalism in this little volume of 32 pages. "In order to grasp the significance of Congregationalism, we must first master the meaning of Puritanism," says Dr. Jefferson. He then devotes several pages to Puritanism and its achievements. The pivot idea of Congregationalism he states to be, "The right of every Christian to immediate access to the throne of God." "Out of this basal idea everything else flows." Congregationalists are call "ecclesiastical democrats." After showing how the denominations differ, Dr. Jefferson considers "Our Mission," "Our Contributions," "Our Debts," and "Our Spirit." (Pilgrim Press, Boston, 25 cents net.)

"For God and the People." By Walter Rauschenbusch. This book of "Prayers of the Social Awakening" by the author of "Christianity and the Social Crisis," is sent forth with the hope that it may open up new paths to God for the feet of modern men. Noting the new social purpose which has laid masterful grasp on our modern life and thought, enlarging and transforming the entire conception of the meaning of Christianity, the author says: "Many ideas that used to seem fundamental and satisfying seem strangely narrow and trivial in this great world of God. Some of the old religious appeals have utterly lost their power over us. But there are others, unknown to our fathers, which kindle religious passions of wonderful intensity and purity. The wrongs and sufferings of the people and the vision of righteous and brotherly social life awaken an almost painful compassion and longing, and these feelings are more essentially Christian than most of the fears and desires of religion in the past. Social Christianity is adding to the variety of religious experience and is creating a new type of Christian man who bears a striking likeness to Jesus of Galilee. These new religious emotions ought to find conscious and social expression. But the church, which has brought down so rich an equipment from the past for the culture of individual religion, is poverty stricken in face of this new need. The ordinary church hymnal rarely contains more than two or three hymns in which the triumphant chords of the social hope are struck. Our liturgies and devotional manuals offer very little that is fit to enrich and purify the social thoughts and feelings. Even men who have absorbed the social ideals are apt to move within the traditional round in public prayer. The language of prayer always clings to the antique for the sake of dignity,

and plain reference to modern facts and contrivances jars the ear. So, we are inclined to follow the broad avenues beaten by the feet of many generations when we approch God." Therefore, this book! In it, in addition to more general prayers, are prayers for men in business, for workingmen and for employers, for women who toil, the children who work and the children of the street, judges, lawyers, legislators and public officers, teachers, doctors, ministers, writers and newspaper men; also prayer for the progress of humanity. The prayer on the cover page of The Pacific this week is from this book. The book is a beautiful specimen of the printer's art. (Pilgrim Press, Boston, $1 net.)

THE THEATRE.

Arn S. Allen, Secretary of Seattle Y. M. C. A.

Seated behind me in a street car were two high school girls in the sophomore year, I should guess. The subject of their conversation was the theatres. One had been out the night before. The other remarked: "I'm going to the Moore Saturday."

"Jolly! Are you? What's on?"

"Oh, I don't know! What's the dif?"

Manifestly, to her way of thinking, there is no "dif"; all plays look alike to her. And therein lies one of the chief perils of the "play house."

For one, I do not go so far as to say that the theatre is wholly bad; I do say that the burden of proof is against the theatre, and that, judged as an institution, very much more harm than good comes from it.

In this connection I want to say five things:

1. The man who desires only the best interests of his fellows must reckon with the theatre; it may not be ignored.

2. Only the insane optimist or blind bigot believes that the theatre can be "blotted off the map." It's at least a two—perhaps a three—sided question as to whether it is desirable that it should be.

3. As now constituted, the public "play-house" is but a point or two removed from a public menace—it is subverting some of the finest factors in the social life. To mention but a single one, viz., the home and family as an amusement and social center. Less and less is the home the center or the family's social life; more and more are our young people looking to agencies and institutions outside the home for their amusement and recreation. There is great need for just one more "club"—a "stay-at-home" club.

4. If indulged in at all the theatre should be taken with extreme moderation and rare discrimination. It takes a man of mature judgment and fine self-control to decide "when" and "what" in the matter of theatre-going.

As sensible would it be to give to my wee one of five a box of matches and send her to play in a powder house, as to leave young people in the gristle to go often or indiscriminately to the "play house." "What's the dif?" is too much the habit of mind of young people to allow them much latitude in a matter fraught with gravest dangers.

5. Parents who do not exercise a rigid censorship over the theatre need not be surprised if their young people show a lack of serious purpose; are shallow; have distorted views of life; lack balance; are indifferent to many of the highest and best things, or worse.

"Have you taken any steps to demonstrate that women are fiitted for modern controversy?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Votington. "We have already named a number of eligibles to a Sapphira club."—Washington Star.

Among the Churches.

California.

Corona.—The construction of the new church building has commenced. The plans include a model Sunday School hall and pipe organ, but these will be omitted for the present. An auditorium and gallery, with adjoining parlors will seat 730. Underneath the whole is a basement with gymnasium, large social hall, baths, kitchen, etc. Facilities will be provided in aid of the whole man, physical, mental, spiritual. The foundation above ground will be rough granite, the walls a special blue brick, while the two towers and gables will be plaster. The cost furnished will be something in excess of $25,000. The building is to be completed by May. 1.

Los Angeles, First.—Sunday evening, Nov. 20th, the service for the ordination and comimssioning of Mr. Frederick Paul Beach took place. It was an occasion of great interest as Mr. Beach was the first one from this church to be ordained and commissioned for the foreign work. He will be our representative in China. The Scripture lesson, John 21:15-18, was read by Rev. R. B. Larkin. Rev. Y. C. Horton offered prayer. The Association moderator, Rev. A. E. Johnson read the Statement. The minutes were read by the Registrar, Rev. F. W. Fairfield. The Moderator gave the admonition to the candidate and the people. The Prayer of Ordination and Laying on of Hands was by Dr. Warren F. Day, assisted by the Moderator, the Registrar, Dr. Wm. Horace Day, Rev. L. P. Hitchcock, Rev. R. B. Larkin; the Right Hand of Fellowship by Dr. Wm. Horace Day; the Commissioning service by Dr. H. Melville Tenney. The address by the candidate evinced a deep spiritual experience and a thoughtful consideration of the call to the work in foreign missions. Rev. Mr. Beach received the degree of M. A. from the University of Columbia, that of B. A. from the University of Michigan, and his diploma for theology from the Union Seminary. He made a specialty of mechanical engineering and followed that avocation in this state a number of years. He will be professor in the department of mechanical engineering in the mission college at Foochow, and will teach theology in the seminary. It is believed that it will promote the cause of Christianity in that land to have Christian young men trained as mechanical engineers in a Christian college. Rev. Mr. Beach will sail the 22nd of this month. This First Church has a large interest in foreign missions, for besides Rev. Mr. Beach who will be supported by this church, there is Miss Nina Rice, of Sivas, Turkey, supported by the women's and Young Peoples' societies. She is enjoying her Sabbatical year. Another who went out from us is Miss Mary F. Denton of the Doshisha at Kyoto, and is supported in part by the Women's Society. Still another one of our number is Mrs. Bullock, who went out in the spring under the Presbyterian Board of foreign missions.

Washington.

Seattle.—The recent meeting of the board of directors of the Washington Home Missionary Society was such as to inspire all with hope. The outlook for self-support is good.

Port Angeles.—A Congregational Church Club was organized recently in which many of the men of the commu-

nity are interested.. Mr. R. C. McAllister and Mr. J. V. A. Smith of Seattle came to aid in the organization and it was well launched.

Irondale.—The work of completing the lower floor of the new Congregational church in this city is progressing nicely, and it is hoped to have the basement rooms ready for church and Sunday-school services by the first of the year. The new quarters are badly needed and this has been particularly felt since the wet weather has set in. The rooms now being made ready will supply ample accommodation for church meetings an dwill be comfortable and well lighted.

FIRST CHURCH, OAKLAND.

Last Sunday morning Mr. Brown preached on the "Claims of California,"—a home missionary sermon. He stated that it was desirable that the church contribute $4,000 to the support of the mission work in California; that $1,000 could be counted upon from the Woman's Missionary society and that he wanted to raise $3,000 that morning in cash and pledges. When the offering was counted it was found to amount to $3,009.

In the course of his sermon, Mr. Brown spoke of San Francisco as the place where the exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal should be held, and as germane to his subject that morning, that of home missions, he continued:

"I hope the commercial and political aspects of the opening of the Panama canal may not be allowed to obscure the higher meaning of it. Columbus united the East and West shores of the Atlantic when he crossed the sea and discovered America. He thought he had reached the Orient. He believed the land he found was the coast of India, and so the earlier inhabitants here came to be called Indians. His achievement, however, was only the first step in bringing together the East and the West.

"When the Panama canal shall have been cut through and the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic begin to mingle then, indeed, a wave of influence from Europe and from the shores of our country may sweep unbroken until it beats against the coasts of Japan and China.

"This is a symbol of that increased interplay of influence between the East and the West which will result from the opening of the great canal. The art and the music, the architecture and the literature, the civic life and the religious thought of Western Europe and our own Atlantic border will impinge more directly than ever before upon the life of these Oriental nations now awakening from their slumbers.

"The celebration of such an achievement is most worthy, and the natural place to hold it is here at the point of nearest approach to the Orient, which is to be thus influenced by Western life.

"When that celebration comes, as it surely will, tens of thousands of people from all over this land and all other lands will visit California. We desire that they should come and see and be conquered by the charm of this splendid commonwealth and remain with us as useful citizens.

"This State has land and mines, trees and growing crops, a fair sky and a beauty of natural scenery beyond any other state in our Union. It needs and can generously provide for an increased population. The holding of the Panama exposition will enable us to welcome and establish here thousands of people who will contribute to the development of this mighty State.

"When they come, they will see much more than the exhibits in the exposition buildings. We desire that they should find here a people permeated by noble principles, dominated by ideals which are august and commanding, and intent upon the achievement of the finest results in building here upon this widest of all the world's seas a splendid civilization in which all the nations of the world may be blessed."'

At the servce Sunday the names of 68 persons were propounded for membership. The Pacific chronicles this fact joyfully; it is one of the things going to show that Mr. Brown has not worked in such manner as to build a church up around himself.

At the meeting of the ministers last Monday, Mr. Lawrence, the secretary of the International Sunday School Association, told of his departure from Toledo, Ohio, three years ago, where he had served as Sunday School superintendent in the Washington Street Congregational Church for twenty-seven years. When they wanted to put up some memorial of him he told them that the only memorial he would welcome would be such effort on their part as would make the Sunday School larger than it had been under his superintendency; that it would be a great grief to him to have it indicated in any way that he had been building around himself instead of around the Lord Jesus Christ, and he was glad to state that the Sunday School now numbered two hundred more than it ever had under his superintendency.

As Dr. Mooare rejoiced when the First Church of Oakland went on to greater things under Dr. McLean's leadership than under his, as Dr. McLean aided with all the nobility of his fine Christian manhood to make Mr. Brown's work eminently successful and rejoiced in that success, so Mr. Brown is hoping to see the church move forward to greater things than ever before. It is only thus that a man's work can get the stamp of real success.

Next Sunday will mark the close of Mr. Brown's pulpit work in Oakland. There will be a communion service and reception of new members into fellowship in the morning, and in the evening the pastor will give his final sermon. Friday evening of this week he will give in the cadet armory at 11th and Market streets an illustrated lecture on "Picturesque Japan." There will be used one hundred fine slides. An admission fee of 50 cents and 75 cents, will be charged, and the proceeds will be used for the cadet work.

The fiftieth anniversary sermon preached by Mr. Brown Sunday, November the 20th, has been printed by Wood & Cowdrey, of 876 Broadway, Oakland, and may be had for twenty cents. It contains fine portraits of the three pastors the church has had during the fifty years of its existence. Among recent sermons by Mr. Brown, published by Wood & Cowdrey, which will appeal strongly and prove of help and comfort to readers of The Pacific are those entitled "Songs Unsung," and "Broken Plans."

We quote a paragraph from "Songs Unsung": Frederic Harrison had a great dislike for all mysteries and for all emotions. He founded a school of positive philosophy in London and had a Sunday service where there would be intellectual clearness and nothing else. And earnest and sincere though he was in his effort the enterprise naturally failed. A gentleman at a hotel in London, asked another one Sunday, 'Where did you at-

tend church?' The reply was: 'At Frederic Harrison's Temple of Light.' 'And what did you find there?' 'I found a congregation of three persons and no God.' If any body of people lose the power of song and that which prompts and finds expression in song, moving the heart out toward the unseen, it will mean a loss unthinkable."

"Sing it then!" the thought goes on. "Sing that deeper and better song within you which could scarcely find expression in cold speech! There is a song for everyone of you which has in it the deep things of the heart. Even though you life has been carried away captive by some cruel disappointment, by some searching trial, by some staggering bereavement, sing your song none the less. Even though you find yourself beside the waters of some Babylon, sing the Lord's song there, and it will go far toward transfiguring that region into the Lord's land, and not some outlying province beyond the reach of his providential purpose, if you only knew it. Sing your song there, and you will find it so!"

In "Broken Plans," the closing paragraph is in part: "If you set forth with the idea that success in life means simply feathering your own nest, making it warm, soft and comfortable, you may be sure that unworthy plan will meet with opposition. The Spirit will not allow anyone to sink to that level without a struggle to lift him to the vision of something better! And even though you persist and in some measure succeed in that narrow achievement, there in your own little Bithynia you will hear the echoes of struggle and achievement in another higher and vaster world which will make you feel that after all you have failed."

CHRISTIAN COURTESIES TO OUR JAPANESE NAVAL MEN.

Last Sunday, the 27th, a visit was made by a number of San Franciscans to the Japanese training ships Asama and Kasagi. The occasion was the presentation of 1490 Bibles to the officers and men. The American Bible Society and the Golden Gate C. E. Union united in the gift. The books given to the officers were New Testaments, handsomely bound in leather. The presentation speeches were made by the Rev. A. W. Mell of the Bible Society and the Rev. George Burlingame of First Baptist church, representing the Golden Gate Union. The party were then shown over the Asama by Lieutenant Sako. Among those in the party were Dr. F. D. Bovard, the Rev. C. C. Champlin, the Rev. Z. Osako, the Rev. Mr. Hirota.

WOMAN'S BOARD.

The meeting of the Northern California Branch of the Woman's Board of the Pacific will be held Thursday, December 8th, at the First Congregational church of Berkeley, corner of Dana and Durant. Mrs. Renwick of Claremont, Southern California, who was a delegate to the Edinburgh Conference, will speak. There will be also echoes from the great October meetings in Boston. Time, 10:30 a. m.—all-day meeting. HARRIET G. MERRIAM, Rec. Sec.

THE WORLD'S DREAMERS.

By F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D.

"The mirage shall become a pool."—Is. 35:7.

In the spiritual life man moves from dream to dream, from mirage to mirage. But the glory of God's universe lies in this, that the mirage shall become a pool. Think what every great nation owes to its dreamers. Have you ever followed John Milton to Italy, and heard him and Galileo talking together of liberty? There were the dreamers. And England to-day is impossible without the poetry of the Latin secretary of Oliver Cromwell, and the day of modern science impossible in its fulness without Galileo.

The mighty transformer of dreams and illusions into the reality of truth is Jesus. Dream on, dream on, in your desert parth! Be not discouraged or hopeless because you move from mirage to mirage. Let all the poetry and art of life be yours. But be sure that the crowning fact is that the mirage shall become a pool by the fact of Jesus Christ.

Think of the three mighty nations—of Greece, and Rome, and Hebrewdom. The mirage of Greece was beauty and wisdom. Greece had wisdom and beauty, but her good was immoral. Let Phidias build as he did in the Parthenon a statute of gold and ivory. The very failure of it reveals the fact that it was a mirage.

The Greek dream is a permanent thing in the mind of man. Beauty and wisdom, they must be joined; they must be made real indeed. We look to Jesus. Here is one wiser than any Greek. Here is one more beautiful than any object created by Greek chisel or formed out of the imaginative glory of the Greek religion. Here is the beauty of wisdom, the wisdom of beauty. God in humanity, all-beautiful, all-wise! The mirage has become a pool.

And Rome had her dream, her mirage—the dream of universal empire. But Rome dissolved and the dream faded, and where Nero stood in wrath and violence the accents of a Christian preacher came, and where Rome sent a spear into His heart Jesus created for humanity a great trysting-place, a place where the heart of man should gather all sympathies and all aspirations and all loves, and there should be a universal empire of goodness and truth and justice.

And Hebrewdom had her glorious mirage, and the utter failure of Israel to accomplish the dream of righteousness was no more pathetic than the failure of Rome to achieve universal empire, or of Greece to wed wisdom to beauty. The mirage faded, and lo! a pool, a fresh inspiriting, cool, crystal water—the reality of righteousness. Right wrought on Calvary the ruin of wrong. The mirage has become a pool.

Dreamer, let Christ be the reality of your life. You shall keep all your fine faculties. All the training that you have had in following the illusions of life will come into a beautiful relationship of power to this Reality. "I am the light of the world."

THE LORD'S PRAYER FOR UNION.

By Prof. James Denny.

All through our Lord's last words, and especially in the great prayer of intercession, we find emphasis laid on the idea of union. This has a tacit reference to prayer even in the context, a reference which is made explicit elsewhere. It is part of the condition of prevaling prayer that men should unite in it. The union, it should not need to be said, is spiritual. It is the union of those who love one another in him. The way in which Jesus recurs to this throughout the gospels is very remarkable. The tempers which separate men from one another separate them from God. An unforgiving and implacable spirit cannot pray. An ambitious spirit, or one enslaved by rivalry or envy, cannot pray. Only men who rejoice in what God has

given to others and done by them, only men who have renounced self-seeking, can pray, and their union is at once a proof that their prayer is true, and an assurance that it will be answered.

The one most striking phenomenon in the recent Missionary Conference at Ediburgh was the union in prayer of men separated from each other by race, by education, by theological and ecclesiastical tradition. Many even of those who were impressed by it and rejoiced in it, did not see all it implied. But surely, when we think of it, men who can unite to pray are not really separated by any external distinctions. Their unity has not to be attained, it is attained already, and the great promise can be claimed, "Where two of you shall agree upon earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them by my Father in heaven."

The union does not signify that two can put pressure upon God which one could not exert—that is absurd. Nor does it signify merely that when men unite, their opposite or independent selfishness neutralize each other, leaving only a pure request which God cannot fail to grant. Is not the idea rather that the gifts which the heavenly Father has to bestow are often social gifts, blessings which it is not in the nature of one either to ask or to receive, blessings too large for a single heart to imagine or a single pair of hands to grasp, but which God is waiting to bestow as soon as the possibility of receiving them is there?

The Home.

A MEMORY SYSTEM.

"Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Whenever you may meet it.

"Remember every kindness done
To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter;
Remember those who lend you aid
And be a grateful debtor.

"Remember all the happiness
That comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress;
Be hopeful and forgiving.
Remember good, remember truth,
Remember heaven is above you,
And you will find, through age and youth,
True joys and hearts to love you."

SUNDAY WITH THE CHILDREN.

Christine Terhune Herrick.

When I was a child there was no question as to whether or not children should go to Church and keep the Sabbath—at least not in that section of the country where I lived and among the families with whom I associated. Those few near us who held different views were, to my childish understanding, to be ranked with "heathen men and publicans."

Personally I cannot recall a time when I did not attend church. There is a tradition that at the age of three, in order to prove my ability to stay quiet in the sanctuary, I sat without moving or speaking for twenty-five mortal minutes, and upon this was judged to have arrived at the fit stage for church attendance.

Whatever the age at which I began, I have kept on going ever since. The early established habit took firm root. Now I love church and would feel that something had gone wrong with the week if I stayed at home on Sunday, but never do I recall thinking it a hardship to go. From the first I took it for granted as much as I did my Sunday dinner, and the idea that it was a trial to have to devote my Sunday mornings to church-going never occurred to me. In like manner I accepted Sunday-school; and a little later prayer-meeting, the second Sunday service, and other church ordinances.

When I had children of my own I naturally pursued the same course. As soon as they were old enough to sit still in church I took them with me, making a concession to child nature by providing them with a copy of the small illustrated Bible dictionary which had been, so to speak, my stay in the house of my pilgrimage when I went to church as an infant. Recalling my own experience, it was a distinct shock to me to find that my children did not take to church-going with enjoyment. Not that I asked their opinion. They did not wait for that, but expressed their preference for remaining at home with no uncertain note. They went, as a matter of course, but more or less because of coercion and not of free choice.

This puzzled me. I did all that had been done for me in my own childhood, and even more. The Bible dictionary was supplemented by a small book of pictures and a pencil and paper. I talked to the children about the sermon, the Bible reading, and the hymns when we came home, and in every way did my best to arouse in them a love of church-going per se, but with little effect. They liked the pastor and they loved me, but I used to say that if the preacher and I were both to die, I did not believe that either child would ever go to church again voluntarily.

Now they are grown, and although they may not fully share my love for church ordinances, they yet feel a sense of responsibility toward the church services and attend regularly. Probably the prevalent change of attitude toward ecclesiasticism of all sorts has in a measure affected them, but the early formed habit of church-going holds fast.

My thoughts have been turned forcibly to children and church-going and Sunday-keeping by the recent introduction at my own church of the novelty of a childrens sermon. This is preached immediately before the regular sermon, and then the youngsters are allowed to go home.

As a child I went to Sunday-school, but that was not permitted by my parents to take the place of all biblical and spiritual education. I dare say I was a wretched little prig, for I recall to this day the sense of superiority which in-

flated my breast when I caught my Sunday-school teacher tripping in her scriptural knowledge, as I did more than once. She was a young girl of a church-going family, and I have no reason to think her intelligence was below the ordinary level. But I do not believe she ever did more than glance over the lesson before she came to Sunday-school, and by comparing notes with other gradute pupils I am positie there are many like her even now. Such memories have fixed in me a doubt as to whether or not it is possible for our children to secure from the average Sunday-school teacher instructions in the mysteries of the faith which can take the place of what they may learn at Church—even putting aside the value of the opportunity for acquiring the habit of regular church attendance.

I do not wish to give the idea that I am opposed to Sunday-schools. On the contrary, I believe that they give the children pleasure, and that granted trained and judicious teachers, they may be a means of great good. They are undoubtedly of chief value to those children who have no home training in the Bible and spiritual life. My objection to them is largely that they permit parents to shoulder off on the Sunday-school the instruction of their children in the things of religion, and to consider that they have then done their whole duty to the child's higher life. In no case, to my mind, can the Sunday-school take the place of the church either for religious teacing or for forming the habit of support of the church organization.

My church neighbor had spoken of the hardship to the children of obliging them to sit through a sermon they did not understand after they had received the benefit of all the service with that one exception. I pondered upon her remark after we parted. There might be something in what she said. Yet if those children were not in church where would they be? What would they be doing? I recalled a Sunday when I had forsaken church to visit a sick friend, and remembered how all along the street I saw groups of small boys and girls playing "Diabolo," tossing balls, spinning tops, shooting marbles. Was this the way in which the children of a persumably Sabbath keeping people should be trained? Was not this misobservance of the day worse for them than staying for the sermon?

In this time of liberal thought there are, of course, parents who do not think it worth while to enforce Sunday keeping with any degree of rigidity, and there has been a loosening of the bonds even among the conservatives. Gone, and happily gone, are the days when Sunday was one long course of Sabbath observance. In my own mind are recollections of the boredom brought by Sunday, especially in the country. In the city we had afternoon Sunday-school; the walk home could be prolonged to help while away the time and there were other Sunday diversions.

In the country it was another thing altogether. Church in the morning was all right, and preceded as it was by a couple of miles' drive, possessed a great charm. After the service came the drive home, the Sunday dinner, and then—the deluge of dullness! The elders went to their rooms and their naps, and we youngsters strolled forlornly about. We were not allowed secular reading and we found the Sunday books stupid—possibly from the fact that we had read them all again and again. Everyday games were tabooed, and we wandered around forlorn until the approach of sunset brought a walk through the fields, supper, and hymns and Bible stories in the evening.

As a result of the strictness with which I was reared in this respect, I have naturally swung toward the other extreme with my own children. I do not encourage the same sports which are practiced on week days, but I do permit a liberty which was never accorded my generation. Cards and games of like nature are prohibited, but I allow reading which is not religious and occupations which would have been frowned upon by Sunday keeping folk fifty years back. These concessions, however, have not moved me to give up religious duties, and church service at least once a day I have always held essential.

With a strong desire to keep step with the procession and fall behind in any measure for promoting liberty of thought and untrammeled search for truth, I yet consider it a blunder to give children their own will in anything which, to my apprehension is of such vital importance as church-going and Sunday keeping. I am not touching now only upon the religious aspect of the question. I acknowledge that there are good men and women—plenty of them—outside of the churches, and a representation of the other sort inside. I concede that I have received many practical lessons in Christlikeness rrom persons who laid no claims to the possession of Christianity, and I admit that the day may come when the churches will in a measure be done away with. But all that has nothing to do with the reasonableness of teaching our children habits of going to church and of holding Sunday as more sacred than other days.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

THE LITTLE WOMAN.

One of the Little Women, she came up to heaven's gate;
And seeing the throng were pressing, she sighed that she
fain would wait.
"For I was not great nor noble,' she said, "I was poor and
plain;
And should I go boldly forward, I know it would be in
vain."

She sat near the shining portal, and looked at the surging
crowd
Of them that were kings and princes, of them that were
rich and proud;
And sudden she trembled greatly, for one with a brow like
flame
Came to her, and hailed her gladly, and spoke to her her
name:

"Come, enter the jewelled gateway," He said, "for the
prize is thine;
The work that in life you rendered was work that was fair
and fine;
I spoke no tremendous sayings that rang in the ears of
kings;

"I toiled in my little cottage, I spun and I baked and sweat;
I sewed and I patched and mended—oh, lowly the house I
kept!
I sang to my little children. I led them in worthy ways,
And so I might not grow famous, I knew naught but care-
bound days.

"So was it by night and morning, so was it by week and
year;
I worked with my weary fingers through days that were
bright or drear;
And I have grown old and wrinkled, and I have grown grey
and bent;
I ask not for the crown of glory, now that I have found
content."

"Arise!" cried the waiting angel, "Come first of the ones
that wait,

For you are the voices singing, for you do we ope the gate;
So great as has been thy labor, so great shall be thy reward!"
Then there shone on the Little Woman the glory of the Lord.
So come, while the rest stand waiting, and enter in here and now—
A crown of the life eternal is waiting to press thy brow."

Then trembled the Litle Woman, and cried: "It may not be I!
Here wait they that wrought with greatness, so how may I pass them by?
I carved me no wondrous statues, I painted no wondrous things,

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THE HAPPY HOME.

There is a story of a bridegroom who requested his bride to accompany him into the garden a day or two after their wedding. He then threw a line over the roof of the cottage. Giving his wife one end of it he retreated to the other side and exclaimed: "Pull the line." She pulled at his request, as hard as she could. He cried: "Pull it over!" "I can't," she replied. "Pull with all your might," shouted the whimsical husband. But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull the line over, so long as the husband held on the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease. "There," said he, as the line fell from the roof, "you see how hard and ineffectual was our labor when we pulled in opposition to each other, but how easy and pleasant it is when we both pull together. It will be so, my dear, through life. If we oppose each other it will be hard work; if we act together it will be pleasant to live. Let us, therefore, always pull together. Let us daily endeavor to help one another to bear and forbear with each other."—Morning Star.

Our Young People

MY TEMPER.

I have a little temper;
'Tis like my pony gray—
Unless I watch it closely
It tries to get away,

And rear and kick and trample
On all who near it stand,
And so I try to curb it,
And hold it well in hand.

Yet sometimes all in vain.
No good to use a snaffle;
I keep a tight curb rein;
And speak to it quite gently—

It is so much the stronger,
It gets away from me,
But I will be its master
Some day, as you shall see!

—Caro A. Duger.

A LILY BULB.

The lily bulbs were going to New York. As Bettina helped pack them, over and over she whispered, "You're going—you're going to New York!"

Big homesick lumps came into Bettina's throat. Big homesick tears ran down her thin cheeks. If only she were going to New York, too!

When her work with the lily bulbs was all done, Bettina found a large, thin sheet of paper. Next morning, before any one else was up, she stole to the big box of bulbs. She picked out a fine, large bulb. She wrapped her letter around it as tightly as she could. Then she crowded the bulb down into one corner of the box.

"You've just got to find somebody," she sobbed.

Dorothy and father were buying lily bulbs.

"Get the child interested in something she's never done with her sister," said the blunt old doctor to Dorothy's father. "If you don't man, you'll lose her, too." So her father had made Dorothy come with him to pick out the nicest, biggest bulbs.

"You must get mother to help plant them," said father. "She isn't like herself since Elizabeth went, you know."

Dorothy nodded. She turned away so that father would not see her tears. If you had just lost you very own little twin sister, from whom you had never been separated a day in all your life, you would know how terrible it is to try to live without her.

"These are our choices bulbs, Mr. Ross," said the florist; "they came from Hayward's, Bermuda."

Listlessly Dorothy picked up one of the bulbs. The paper about it had something written on it.

"It—it looks like a letter, father," she said in her sad, tired little way, as she banded it to her father.

Father smoothed out the crumpled paper. He glanced at the writing, read it through.

"It is a letter," he said. "Listen, Dollie."

'Dear Man or Woman or Little Boy or Little Girl: Whoever gets this little bulb,' " read father, aloud, " 'I can't tnink of any other way of letting you know about me. It's dreadful lonesome here in the lily fields. Won't you please tell the mother in the Home that I want to come back? I won't ever be naughty any more. I'm the little girl Mr. Joseph Hayward took to Bermuda. He doesn't love me. And nobody does. He wishes he'd taken a boy, he says, 'cause a boy could do more work. Maybe Sammy would like it here—Sammy didn't like the Home. There is lots of blue sky and hot sun and lilies and lilies and lilies—till I hate the smell of them. I want to go back to New York. Won't somebody please find me? I'm Betty Hayward.' "

"Poor little girl," said father.

And there was Dorothy hanging to his hand and looking at him with big bright eyes.

"Let's go tell the mother in the Home about her right off," she said, quite like the old Dorothy.

"But, dear," said father, slowly, 'I don't know which orphans' home."

"Wouldn't mother know?" cried Dorothy. "Oh, I'm most sure she would."

"We mustn't bother mother," said father, gently.

"I won't bother her a bit," said Dorothy. "But I must show her the letter. Why—why—it's Betty, father."

"Can't we do anything about it, Tom?" cried mother that same night. "It is such a pitiful little letter."

Father glanced across the pretty dinner table. It was so long since mother had asked to do anything.

"Couldn't we go to every orphan's home in the city?" she went on. Her cheeks were almost pink.

"Even could we find it, dear," said father, "I doubt if they would take the little girl back. She was adopted if the letter is true.

"Oh, it's true—the letter is true," cried mother. "O Tom, we must think of some way."

"I've tried all day," said father. "I can't."

"I can," said Dorothy. Her eyes were like stars. "Let her come here—let Betty come here and live always."

Father looked at mother. Mother looked at father.

"Oh, I couldn't quite do that," she cried.

"It would be too hard," said father, gently, "unless, dear, we did it for Dorothy's sake."

The next morning mother caught Dorothy in her arms.

"We will do it, Dollie," she whispered. "You and I—because Elizabeth would like us to. We'll send for Betty this very day."

Mother and Dorothy went to the green-house where father had bought the bulbs. They talked with three different men, who said the plan was impossible. At last they found a big, jolly man, who was Mr. Goodwin, the owner of the greenhouse. A pretty little girl clung to each of his hands, and a pretty little boy clung to each little girl. Mother showed him the letter. Then she told him about Elizabeth.

"It isnt' impossible at all," he cried, in a big jolly voice, which made you sure he could do anything he tried to. "I'm sailing for Bermuda myself tomorrow. I know Jo Hayward. He's a good bulb-grower, but I shouldn't want him to adopt one of my seven. I'll look him up and this little girl. If her letter is true, and I can arrange things, I'll bring her back with me."

Mother and Dorothy went straight to father's office. They had never once been there since Elizabeth went away. Father was so glad to see them. He sent everyone else away. He and mother talked a long time.

"It will be the best thing for us all," he said at last. "I'll see Mr. Goodwin tonight and make all arrangements."

Dorothy climbed up in a big desk chair. With mother to help spell, she wrote a letter.

"Dear Betty," she said, "I found you letter. I am Dorothy Ross. My little twin sister, Elizabeth, has just gone to heaven to live. Would you like to come and be my little sister? Mr. Goodwin will bring you. It's nicer at our house than it is at the home. I have a puppy and a kitty. You may have whichever one you like best. And you can borrow my Teddy Bear. Please come."

Of course Bettina came. She was little—all but her eyes, which were big and round with joy and wonder. She loved Dorothy at once and Dorothy's father and lovely, girlish mother.

"She's brown as a lily bulb, herself," laughed father, "and in a little while she'll be as round."

"She's as sweet as a lily," whispered mother.

Dorothy kissed her.

"I'm very glad, indeed," she said gravely, "that you thought to write that letter, Betty."

"So am I," said Bettina.

"And I'm still gladder," said Dorothy, "that the lily bulb brought it to me. Else, maybe, you'd been some one else's little sister."—Alice Allen in Christian Register.

Patience is a good thing to exercise, but a bad thing to overwork.

NOT A SNEAK.

Mrs. Clinton did not want to leave her little girl when she went to her sick father, but there was no help for it. She was glad when her sister-in-law offered to keep her.

"Mayzie can play with Rose. She will not be a bit of trouble," the sister said.

Mayzie loved Rose, and was always glad when she came to visit her. At Mayzie's home there was a garden with a summer-house at the end, where they could play at "keeping house." But at Aunt Fanny's there was only the street, the front veranda, and back porch. It was very close to the neighbors. A board partition divided the verandas.

One evening the little girls were sitting on the doorstep, listening to an organ in the distance. The front door of the next house opened. Two people came out. Supposing that they were quite alone, they began to talk. Mayzie knew at once that they were talking about their own affairs. Every word showed that it was for each other only. Mayzie grabbed Rose's hand, trying to lead her into the house, but Rose held her arm so tightly that it hurt.

"Hush!" she whispered. But Mayzie jerked herself free, and began to sing. "Come for a walk, Rose," she called, running down the steps. Rose followed. "You mean, hateful thing!" she complained. "You spoiled everything. I have lots of fun listening to the folks next door. I hear all the news, and then tell mamma. If you had kept still we would have heard if they were going away—and everything."

This was such a shock and surprise to the child, that she could not speak. Mayzie was only a little girl, but she had been taught not to sneak, or pry, or listen. To Rose's amazement she began to cry. She felt homesick; besides, her arm hurt where her cousin had pinched it. Mayzie was sad, because she did not like to blame her friends who were kind to her.

"O Rose!" she begged, putting her arm around her neck, 'please don't ever listen again. It's so sneaky and mean. Mother would punish me if I did such a thing. She says it is—dishnorable (that's an awful big word). Those people would be vexed if they thought we were spies. Didn't you feel ashamed as we ran down the steps, when you heard Mrs. Green say:

" 'There go those nice little girls! I love to see them together.' "

Poor Rose! She must have known it was not quite right to listen to what was not intended for her ears, but she was not altogether to blame, for no one had ever told her it was wrong. Now she began to think as she had never thought before. She loved Mayzie, and loved and admired Mayzie's mamma. She wanted them to be pleased with her. It was a very quiet child that sat thinking till bedtime. Then, before the two fell asleep, she whispered, with soft cheek pressed close to cheek:

"I guess you were right, May. I won't listen any more."

And—she never did.

The Minister—"In the next world, Tommy, the last shall be first."

Tommy—"Say, won't I shine when the minister comes to supper at our house up there!"—Puck.

"Bobbie, have you been fighting again?"

"No, ma'am; same old fight."—The Windsor Magazine.

"Do you assimilate your food, aunty?" "No, I doesn't, sah. I buys it open an' honest, sah."—Baltimore American.

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